



VOL. XVII. 行發日一月六年十正大 (行發日一回一月每) 可認物便郵種三第日八月七年八十三治明 No. 6.

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Results of Kim Ik Tu Revival in Seoul.

H. A. Rhodes.

The Seoul Language School.

Mrs. F. M. Brockman.

Work Among Young Men.

J. O. J. Taylor

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PRINTED AT THE Y. M. C. A. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL (PRINTING DEPARTMENT), SEOUL, CHOSEN.

Business Manager.—MR. GERALD BONWICK, *Christian Literature Society of Korea, Seoul, Korea.*

Subscription :—Annual Subscription, including postage in Korea, Japan and China, ₩2.50 ; including postage to America, Great Britain and other parts of the world, ₩3.00 (\$1.50 gold or 7s.6d). Single copies, 25 sen.

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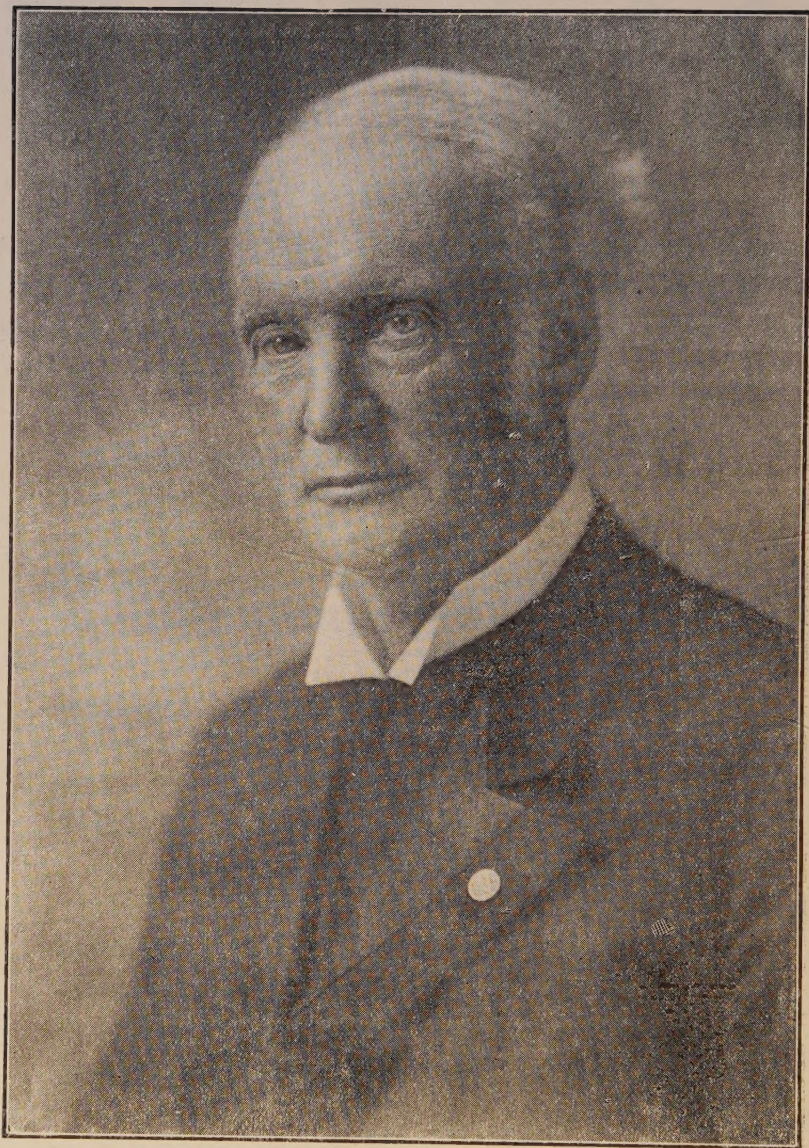
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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1921

No. 6.

Editorial Notes.

Forward Through "Retreat."

OUR slogan for this periodical during 1921 is "Forward." In our April number Dr. W. N. Blair, Chairman of the Forward Movement Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Korea, prefers "A Request," in part, as follows, "I am deeply impressed with the fact that God is pouring out the longed for blessing on the Korean Church. Thousands of new believers have come into the churches during the past few months. How can we hold them?—Believing that nothing will count for so much now, as wide spread, intercessory prayer, I feel led to request every missionary in charge of a district to plan, as soon as possible, and as a definite part of the Forward Movement, to meet all the pastors and helpers in his circuit in some quiet place and spend several days in conference and earnest prayer."

IF Dr. Blair's "Request" were condensed into a single word, the word would be "Retreat." This word is somewhat new among most Protestant denominations but is growing in favor since it most aptly describes the occasion. "The quiet hour" is not a "Retreat" for it lacks the social element, the worshipper being alone; neither is the prayer meeting such which, though it embodies the social element, admits the curious and aimless; whereas the "Retreat" makes room for none but the alert, hungry and humble, who thus are in accord.

ABOUT fifteen years ago I attended the Synod of California which numbered 600 delegates. Before adjournment the delegates were invited to participate in a "Retreat," immediately to follow the Synod, to be conducted by Dr. Robert E. Speer, with two sessions daily and to continue for a week. About hundred and fifty of us tarried. Dr. Speer was at his best and opened up some new and old things out of the Word in a way which set the breezes of Heaven blowing, the ozone of which is with us yet. This meeting, as we understand it, was not truly a "Retreat," in that it lacked the democratic element. Dr. Speer was the conductor and teacher, the others were pupils who sat at his feet.

ABOUT a year ago nine missionary men gathered by the riverside in a summer Home, graciously tendered for the purpose, a few miles from Seoul, in a "Retreat" which lasted four days. Here the normal conditions of a "Retreat" were fully met. We all were "with one ac-

cord in one place," being alert, hungry and humble. Moreover, we were equals being brethren in the Lord, so that when the question of leadership of meetings arose we naturally arranged to take turns in alphabetical order according to initial letters of our names. Our real leader all through was the Holy Spirit whose presence was attested by the wonderful liberty, sympathy and vision which characterized the meetings and their interstices, as well. No fear of trampling and rending swine deterred the bringing forth for mutual delectation, instruction and comfort, the treasures of experience; in work, worship, failure and victory. Neither then nor since have we thought of that conference or of its members in denominational terms. Methodist and Presbyterian were annulled or merged we know and care not which. Those nine men stand apart. That house and grounds, loaned us for the occasion, in His Name, are not so closely associated, in our minds, with the owner's name as they are with "The place of our Retreat." Several similar gatherings, perhaps suggested by ours, one constituted by missionary and Korean women, have since transpired, all to vital edification.

Dr. Blair who was one of the nine in the retreat by the riverside a year ago now, by virtue of his office as chairman of the Forward Movement of Presbyterians in Korea, requests that such gatherings at once be greatly multiplied, inviting all Christians in Korea, as far as possible, to participate in the same, affirming that he is led to such action because he believes it, at this stage of the Revival, of the most vital importance. We fully believe that Dr. Blair is not mistaken but that he has been truly led by the blessed Spirit of truth and of life to publish his call to prayer. The Holy Comforter Who, in answer to earnest believing prayer, has been enabled to begin a good work in this peninsula, through Dr. Blair solicits that through more fervent, believing and general intercession, God's people may make it possible for Him to complete the work already begun; to broaden, deepen and quicken it until our wounded and benighted world shall see a day dawn heralding the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon it with healing in His wings. This present "Request for Prayer" is a decided advance, because it follows the example set by the women, in that racial discriminations are obliterated and the missionaries and Koreans meet for prayer as equals before Our Father. Does any affirm, "They have often so met before." This is nominally but not strictly true. Failure to understand and appreciate each other is a sad and a standing fact. We may know and deplore the fact all unconscious of the reason. Possibly we missionaries have a lurking feeling of superiority tantamount to a willingness to have it so, for white includes all colors; thus causing us to confound pity with love and subconsciously to conclude that, like oil and water, coalescence of inner sympathy is impossible. They for thousands of years have been trained by processes the opposite of our own and, until they recognize that ours are the superior methods they will and must be handicapped! But Our Savior was an Oriental as were the great worthies of Scripture which is an Oriental book! Is it not possible that we, rather than they, are handicapped by reason of our racial training? Certain it is that apart from Christ we can do nothing and that we can be in Him only as we are in one another! Thus the proposed "Retreats" for prayer and conference are *most* promising in that they seem to point the way out into the large place where God's honor dwelleth, the place of His presence where everything is made plain; the place where mine and thine mean "OURS." I have thought that in Christ's wonderful words recorded in Matt. 18:19 "If two of you shall agree (be symphonized) as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them, etc."—the "two of you" may refer to two races, so called, or to two members of different races.

Some Results of the Kim Ik Tu Revival Meeting in Seoul.

BY HARRY A. RHODES.

When the request of the Editorial Board of the Korea Field came, asking that I contribute a short article under the above heading, it happened that the four evangelists supported by the Revival Fund were working in two of the suburban churches of which I am pastor.

Also I had contributed an article for an American church paper on the subject. "A Great Korean Evangelist", in which among other things I said, "Large offerings were received for evangelistic work in the city and suburb. The offering amounted to \$1750 in cash or pledges, and \$750 as follows:—200 finger rings, 200 hair pins, 20 silver watches, 2 gold watches, besides suits of clothes, bridal ornaments, and other articles. With this fund the United Church Sessions of the city have decided to employ four evangelists, two men and two women, to work in the city and near by districts. They plan also to open reading, parlor, game and club rooms for the student class of the city with responsible Christian young men in charge. A series of evangelistic meetings is to be held in each church during the Winter. Revival fires are being kindled in the capital and province such as we have not witnessed in recent years."

That was written three month ago and three months after the meetings of last October. The four evangelists mentioned have worked a month in each of three churches, viz., West Gate Presbyteriam, Duksom, and Tongmak.

Their plan has been to emphasize calling in homes and personal interviews with non Christians and with nominal Christians. At times and according to circumstances they held Bible classes, conducted early morning prayer meetings and evening evangelistic meetings.

Of course the presence of four well trained, consecrated evangelists in all the Sunday services of a church for a month is in itself a

great blessing. In each of the three churches mentioned there have been some new believers, the average Sunday attendance has increased, while at Duksom the evening meetings were largely attended. There have been no spectacular features nor results but the general toning up and spiritualizing results in each church have been apparent.

The rooms for young men are located in the vicinity of the Andong Presbyterian Church in the northern part of the city. Evening classes in English, Bible, and Music have been conducted. Some of the English speaking, American trained Korean young leaders of the city and at least one of the younger missionaries have assisted in these classes. The attendance has been as high as fifty.

Generally in all of the Presbyterian churches of the city at least, the beneficial results of the meetings have been apparent. A little over a month ago I was invited to preach in the Central Presbyterian Church where Rev. Kim Ik Tu conducted the meetings last October. I found the church building crowded and an evidence of life and interest that I had never seen there before.

The fact that conditions are encouraging in all the churches of the city and province, is not due entirely, of course, to these Revival Meetings. There are other causes chief of which is the revival period through which the Korean Church is passing. Nevertheless the whole New Era Movement which began in our Korean Presbyterian Church more than a year before had not produced any appreciable results in and around Seoul until Rev. Mr. Kim launched his meetings. From that time on the whole aspect of our evangelistic work has changed. Evangelistic meetings have been held generally and repeatedly, Bible classes have been well attended, and the offerings for

the work of the Church have greatly increased.

Naturally the readers of the Field will want to know the results of 'healing the sick' phase of the Kim Ik Tu meetings. While I know that some missionaries and a few of the Korean leaders have wished that the evangelist would make less prominent this part of his program, personally I have never felt like criticizing him. As I have written before, "he is moderate in his claims and Scriptural in his methods. He tells the sick for whom he prays that he can do nothing, that whatever is done is by the power of God in the name of Jesus, and he urges the sick and their friends to exercise faith. He makes no claim that all who come can be cured." Many of the Korean leaders affirm that some of the cures are well attested and lasting until this day. Other Koreans however have attempted to imitate the evangelist in healings and the results have not always been beneficial. In one of my churches the leader has been useless and a great worry to us all ever since because he covets the power to heal and insists upon having special revelations. I know of two other leaders in the vicinity of Seoul, who have been 'off' on the healing matter. As one Korean elder put it, they were not satisfied to exercise the gifts they have, but selfishly coveted this gift which has been given to another. However, on the whole, I think the results of this phase of Kim Ik Tu's work have been good. It is good for the Church to have emphasized the fact that "God can work when and where and how He pleases."

Perhaps I can best illustrate one of the beneficial results of the Kim Ik Tu meetings by relating an experience I had recently in one of my churches. We were having examinations previous to our Communion service the follow-

ing Sunday. Four Korean ladies, well dressed and well fed, of a well-to-do Korean family of good standing, came in before the Session. The middle aged woman was examined for the catechumenate. When the older woman, the mother-in-law, was questioned our interest was aroused. It turned out that she became a Christian some thirty years ago, had been closely associated with Miss. Frye for years and was baptized by Dr. Jones. After being a member of the Chongdong Methodist Church for some time she quit believing because of the death of her son, was lost to the church, moved into the Tongmak neighborhood fifteen years ago, but had never attended church although she must have heard the call of the church bell during most of that time. Of the two younger women, one had been baptized in the Yundong Presbyterian church five years ago but had been out of the church most of the time since. The other had been baptized by Dr. Graham Lee in Pyengyang twenty one years ago, had moved to Whang Hai Do when she was twelve years of age and had been classed as an unbeliever ever since. It was certainly remarkable that these who had been out of the church for so many years and yet within sight of the church should suddenly be knocking at the church's door again. And the reason was that they had all received a new baptism of grace in the Kim Ik Tu meetings and had been zealous Christians and faithful in attendance ever since. No doubt similar incidents could be given by the pastors of other churches. So far as I know the results of this very remarkable Korean evangelist's meetings have been lasting and good. He kindles revival fires that are ignited by the Spirit of God. Perhaps, just at present no other man is being so wonderfully used in the Korean Church.



Bishop Merriman Colbert Harris—An Appreciation.

By B. W. BILLINGS

On Sunday evening at the Sunset hour Bishop Merriman Colbert Harris passed peacefully through the portals of the life beyond. This world is poorer and the next world richer for the change. The face which has so often reflected for us the light and glory and love in the face of Jesus Christ is now permitted to gaze with undimmed eye upon the Master in glory.

Bishop Harris was born in Ohio in 1846. At twelve years of age he was baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church. To this church which he dearly loved he gave a long life of splendid service. At seventeen he entered the Union Army and served until the end of the Civil War. In 1873 he graduated from Alleghany College and later in the same year, having married Miss Flora Best, a college-mate he sailed for missionary Service in Japan, landing Sunday, December 14th. The next month found this young couple in Hakodate to begin their work. Anti-foreign feeling was running high and the Bishop loved to tell how his Japanese friends fearing for his safety brought him a revolver. He told them that he had come to Japan to save men, not to destroy them. However he accepted the gift thus graciously offered and at nightfall he went to the shore with his young bride and flung the revolver into the sea.

During these first years, Bishop Harris was especially successful in his work with young men and hundreds were baptized by him, many of whom afterwards became prominent in the Christian Church of Japan and in public life. In 1878 they returned to Tokyo on account of Mrs. Harris' health, and in 1882 they returned to America. Bishop Harris returned alone to Japan but soon found it necessary again to return to America. In 1886, he was appointed first superintendent of the mission to the Japanese on the Pacific Coast and in Hawaii. During the next eighteen years he was able to

assist many young Japanese who came to America for study. In 1904, he was elected Missionary Bishop of Japan and Korea and returned with his wife to Japan. For twelve years he carried this heavy responsibility amid most trying conditions and in 1919 he returned to introduce his successor Bishop Herbert Welch in a most self-effacing and gracious manner and there to give his last years to the people he so sincerely loved.

It is possible that the good Bishop may have made some mistakes in his administration but of one thing we are confident and that is that he did not make the greatest mistake of all, namely, fail to love the people with whom and for whom he worked. He was a veritable Apostle John in his faith and in his life. Never have we seen him too busy to listen sympathetically to the story of the progress of the work which was dearest to his heart and never too busy to assist in the solution of a personal problem. Many a beautiful picture he has left on memory's walls. One is the picture of him playing with a group of missionary children on the mission compound in Tokyo at the lovely cherryblossom time. Another of a Christmas spent in our home playing with the, then, baby. Still another of how beautifully he took our first baby girl in his arms at the baptism and kissing her gave her his most gracious blessing. He seemed to have time to be kind to everybody whether Japanese, Korean or Westerner.

A young missionary, or an older one either for that matter, would do well to study the life of this man of God to learn what missionary methods are most effective. For one thing, he realized that the most important and effective service was that which was rendered by the way, or even the result of unconscious influence. In his life as in the life of his Master many of the most important services he ever rendered were the little things which

he did while on the way to some seemingly larger task. The Bishop often spoke with unction and with power but his life was his greatest sermon which gave force and power to his words.

But the one trait of character for which Bishop Harris will live longest in the memories of all who ever knew him was his Christ-like love. He seemed to set up in his mind an ideal for the people he loved and then love them up to that ideal. In this, too, he was like his Master who chose his disciples not so much because of their present attainments as because of their latent possibilities when brought into living contact with himself. He had.

"A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes, like needle points,
But loving kindly, ever looks them down,
With the o'ercoming faith that still forgives;
A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,

As is the sunset's golden mystery,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest now."

Many beautiful tributes have already been paid to Bishop Harris' memory. The Japanese newspaper, the *Jiji*, speaking editorially says "We cannot help thinking that a nation which produces such a lofty martyr must be superior in its constitution to other countries. We believe that the supernational and super-racial life and work of the late Bishop Harris for a half century will give valuable lessons and stimulus to the Japanese."

We have headed what we have written "An Appreciation" because we did not wish to say "Memorial," for Bishop Harris has but entered into the life more abundant where he can continue his service freed from the limitations of this present existence. He who was decorated repeatedly by the Emperor now stands in the presence of the King of Kings and hears His "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Seoul Language School.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BROCKMAN.

It is said that the faculty of a certain college for women is divided into two classes, the examples and the fearful warnings. Under the second heading it is not difficult to discover why the writer was asked to be one of the contributors on the subject of language school. Doubtless the writer might be cited as one of the most conspicuous failures of the old system of pedagogy, which consisted in segregating one foreigner, just arrived from America and without knowledge of one word of Korean, and one so-called teacher, a native whose ignorance of pedagogy was only equalled by his innocence of the English language. The whole educational responsibility rested with the foreigner and he was entitled to just as

much of the language as he could forcibly extract from his instructor. This system flourished from the time of Robert Morrison until within recent date as the only method where by a missionary might gain access to the Eastern mind. That the pioneer missionaries and their followers were able to attain such excellent results in the language was due to their unusual powers and not to any inherent virtue in the system.

Educators admit that our present educational system in the West is by no means a perfect system and yet they say that no other system of training has been found whereby a student may gain a like amount of training and information within the same length of time.

Our educational system is the quickest method so far discovered of passing on to the present generation the accumulated knowledge of the ages. Of this sort of system the new missionary to Korea has until recently been sadly deprived. While the old system might engender patience and perseverance the loss of time involved was no negligible quantity. The lines of the old hymn "It was good for Paul and Silas and it's good enough for me" might apply today to the "old-time religion" but it assuredly does not apply to language study.

In an address I once heard on the obstacles to a missionary career, the speaker said that language was considered a barrier by some people. He went on to refute this by saying that every year-old baby in the land was learning a new language and surely there was no one who could not do what every year old baby was doing. I remember that this argument appealed to me at the time but I have often thought of it since with far different feelings. The idea of a passing generation that a missionary's life, to be truly sacrificial, must be rendered as hard as possible certainly had its support in the former methods of language study. With the advent of Mr. Cumming, however, and the organization of language schools a new era has dawned in which we in Korea are fortunately to have a share.

Just what does a language school mean to a student of the language, whether he be a newcomer or an older resident? There are three or four points which have impressed me, especially in regard to the subject of our language school in Korea.

1st, the value of cooperative study. The advantage of class-room recitations involving as they do the play of mind on mind, the point of view of others, the friendly rivalry of the students and the introduction of that indefinable quality called "school spirit," is that they give a pleasurable and helpful atmosphere to what must otherwise be hard and concentrated work. The exchange of view points, the

encouragement and help of other students, the added incentive to study, and the pleasure of association with others, are all distinct and valuable aids to the end in view.

2nd, the shifting of the responsibility of the course from the student to the teacher. In our previous study at home none of us have ever been responsible for the planning and carrying out of our own education or of even a small portion of it. The language school is a return to this plan. Here the courses are mapped out for us, the work is assigned daily the reviews are planned and the final examinations are not terrible and untried experiences but the natural consummation of the course.

3rd, the inestimable advantage of trained instruction. There is, as yet, no body of trained Korean teachers either for the language school or for private instruction and this has been formerly a great handicap. Add to this the fact that there are fewer books for the study of the Korean language than for the Chinese or the Japanese and you have another disadvantage. In such a state of affairs the missionaries who have given their time and energies to the building up of a language school during these past few years have rendered a conspicuous service to the cause of missions in Korea and deserve not only the gratitude and appreciation of their students but that of all the missions working here. To one who for years has stumbled along in the old method of language study the instruction in the language school seems a veritable "royal road to learning." That this has proved true is significantly shown by the number of older students who have been attending the school, some of them missionaries of many years in Korea who have never had as excellent advantages for study as the school offers.

The 4th and last of the particular advantages which might be chosen from the many that appear, is the social aspect of the school. This feature is especially valuable to new students who instead of having to carry on

their studies alone in some isolated place will be able to spend a part of their first and second years in language school with many others who are also new to Korea. In this way the period of readjustment will be made easier for them and they will be of more service to their own particular station when they arrive there. Everyone who recalls his college days will remember that some of the most valuable parts of his training were not those that came as a part of his regular class-room lectures. The personality of the professors, their little "asides" and words of advice and the atmosphere which they created in the college have contributed to its influence in our lives. This feature is destined to be a part of our language school also. Already our instructors have endeared themselves to us not only by their knowledge of the language which appears colossal, but also by their sense of humor and the delightful background of Korean life and custom which they give us. All this "local color" and "atmosphere" not only adds pleasure to the language study but it is a very essential part of the "Orientation" of the new student. No class-room is complete without its "breaks" and those who perpetrate them. In this respect the School is attaining into a real institution. Blessed be those who have in this way fixed in the minds of their fellow-students forever some hitherto elusive word or phrase. They have made a contribution to our study.

The language school has passed beyond its experimental period and has already shown what a valuable asset it may be. Up to the present the school has been carried on by the voluntary efforts of a number of devoted and energetic and far-sighted missionaries who have done the pioneer work in this direction. The time has come when it is *imperative* that the missions set aside a full time man for the supervision of the language school and for the training up of a corps of native teachers to supplement the work of the foreign instructors. The increasing number of students in attendance from all the missions and all parts of Korea and the added number of classes make it impossible for this work to develop unless some very definite provision is made for its continued growth. The importance of such a school cannot be over emphasized. In Nanking, Peking and in Tokyo the language schools each have a missionary who gives his entire time to the supervision of the school and these schools are doing a remarkable work. We look forward to the time when our Korea language school shall take its place with these other schools. It is the duty of every mission in Korea to give the school its endorsement and enthusiastic support and to pray for the development and success of an institution which has already proved itself an indispensable part of the present day missionary program in Korea.



What I Got From the Language School

BY MISS O. S. JOHNSON.

This is a big topic to be given for a learned discourse, especially with the uncertain end of the School in sight and those dreadful tear-producing examinations only a few days away. However, I will endeavor to give my impression as a member of the Primary class, to whom the language is as yet a mass of vague sentences floating in the air waiting to be captured and brought into service. Eight weeks in Korea is hardly long enough for the forming of any definite opinions either about the language or the advantages of the Language School,—surely not sufficient for that essential soaking-in-process, where what you have learned takes root. To hear strange sounds every day is one thing, to apply them to familiar objects in quite another, and to recognize them when you hear them again is still another. I began to imagine how delightful it would be to be a phonograph; just reproduce the sounds registered without any conscious effort of memory. Then they could not get away just when you wanted them.

What I have gotten from the Language School I might divide under four heads. I often think of the older missionaries and my wonder grows that they could have learned to speak so fluently without the thought of a language school ever having entered their most distant dreams. Perhaps they had the opportunity of making their own courses of study, and had to depend more upon self-effort in the beginning; yet they missed many blessings, examinations included.

The first advantage which comes to me is that we learners come into touch with the working knowledge which our foreign teachers have gained from their experience, and which a Korean teacher is not conscious of and could not impart. Like many others, I found that my first problem was to teach my teacher how to teach me,—a real problem to one who has never done any teaching. It is difficult to

know without experience just what is the first essential, and so easy to take the line of least resistance. The Korean teacher usually does not keep one at the things that are hardest for the individual in the beginning. In spite of instructions to learn things parrot-fashion, the logical mind desires to know how sentences are put together and what a relief it was to come to Language School and have it easily explained, after spending weary hours trying to make clear the Korean teacher's explanation. It has been a great help to be assured that the course mapped out for us has been tried and found useful and that we are not spending the precious time of our infancy in learning things that are non-essential. When I first heard of attending classes for study, I thought how encouraging it would be to have foreign teachers, as they would know our limitations better for having been through the process themselves. Sometimes, however, the consolation was not apparent.

Then there is another advantage which these classes have afforded me and that is the going over of lessons together. New constructions and the meanings and uses of new words are made clear in a few moments. Many things which we perhaps would only find out for ourselves much later are brought to our attention now. The difficulty is to have them stick fast in the memory. If they only would but do this, what a lot of embarrassment would be saved for the future. With so many expressions, strange and incomprehensible, just a little explanation from someone in a language that you can understand, lends the needed help and saves days of labor. I have fallen heir to this inspiration also, that what was obtainable for them will be obtainable for anyone who puts the needed effort into it.

There is also another matter which I view most gratefully as I think over this first term at the Language School and that is the

fellowship together with other students. Sometimes when the Korean teacher had been particularly trying at the morning lesson and when the more I labored to learn the less I knew, I would go to school feeling the opposite of happy. Soon I would discover that someone else had had just the same difficulties, and our feelings were mutual. Immediately there was a bond of friendship formed and the troubles of the morning forgotten. There was help also in knowing that while all our problems are more or less the same and there is no royal road to a quick mastery of the language, another could have a different method of attainment that proves helpful. It is said one of the factors which put the vim and courage in the soldier boys in the late war, was the feeling of comradeship,—that they were together in a common cause. It seems some such feelings pervaded the atmosphere about examination time. Incidentally someone remarked how much easier it became to memorize in the

second term, and I went on my way rejoicing.

All these have their place, and yet I would not feel that I had received from my first term of school all that I ought to, if it did not bring me to the place of utter dependence on the Lord who sent me here. I have especially enjoyed the spiritual refreshment of our short prayer service which took our thoughts away from studies for a few moments to center them upon Him from whom all help must first come. Perhaps that is why at first successful language attainment seems an insurmountable difficulty that we might learn to trust Him more fully, and find His grace sufficient. After all, our ability or disability at grasping a new language, amid new and strange surroundings, is given us that He might glorify Himself through it all; and my prayer, as I look forward to the joy of service in Korea, is "That in all things I may be more than conqueror through Him that loved me."

"What I got out of the Language School."

BY MISS ETTA BELLE GRIMES

Such a glorious two months of study as I have had! Spring is surely a lovely time to study Korean, although one often wishes to drop every thing and go out of doors with the trees, birds, and flowers and watch them grow. This is also a good time to go with a Korean teacher out of doors and learn the words for the growing things; have a demonstration or a laboratory period once in a while.

This term was my third and best language class. The course is being improved upon all the time and I believe our teachers found us more appreciative than ever before.

Although we are told there should never be discouragements, with all the helps we have, in spite of helps it all seems so hopeless sometimes, that discouragements will creep in,

prompted of course by different forces. I have found, although, in Language School we discover there is so much more to be learned, discouragements are dispelled and we are encouraged by the mutual sympathy of others in the same and different stages of learning. Being in class with others is a stimulus, an incentive to keep up to a certain average of study. I suppose it works the same psychologically with adults as it does with children. There arises a certain amount of rivalry and we are spurred on to do as well as another, or perhaps to excel.

The different opinions of our private Korean teachers was both helpful and interesting. The most common expression was, "My teacher said—so and so." This was not only amusing but instructive for so often we hitch one

meaning to a word and expect it to stay hitched to only that meaning when it may have many other meanings. This has taught me not to be dogmatic.

Sometimes, Oh! very rare are these times, we find a word, a phrase or a sentence sticks on first hearing, but most often it must be heard many times, said as many, and seen and written and heard again and used to the Koreans to be recognized and used freely as one's own. Association with others, who are striving along the same rocky way, study with them, constant reviews, constant reminders and thinking it so constantly that in common conversation we think, "How would you say it in Korean." Yes we even dreamed it and some times a word will race through one's brain for hours hunting, I suppose, for its pigeon hole; then at last it is found and settles down, but I hope ready to be used at a moment's notice.

It is splendid to have uninterrupted times of study when we are away from our own stations and work. So often, necessary interruptions break up a morning's study and those of us who are fortunate enough to go to Language School for two months with only the responsibility of study, are indeed grateful.

I think another great inspiration was the helpful attitude of our foreign teachers who, although loaded down with Korean work, gladly gave of their time to help us.

It seems to me that I got enough in the two months to keep me busy, learning it well and

getting so that I can use it, the rest of the year. I am sure I learned as much in this two months as I would, studying six months alone. The school surely is a success in more ways than one. During the first months and years on the field we not only have to study but there are many surprising and trying conditions to be met. There are discouragements, sometimes sickness, and perhaps temptations much greater than have ever been met before. We have to learn more patience with ourselves, each other, and the Koreans, as well as the customs of the people with whom we are to work.

We will not be "Quitters." For these first few years out here, we *know* that this is our work and joy in the task crowds out discouragements and victory is won over temptations.

"If fear has gripped him by the heart
No fighter can survive;
Doubt puts the horse behind the cart;
A "quitter won't arrive."

Thus knowing our work we can say with Van Dyke in his poem on work:

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring
hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows
fall
At even tide, to play, and love, and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.



The Aims and Possibilities of the Language School.

By H. H. UNDERWOOD.

The aims of a language school or of this language school may be differently conceived by different groups of workers or even by different ones who are engaged in teaching in the school. The writer has in no way been commissioned to set forth the aims of this school but is merely trying to fill the request of the Editor of the Korea Mission Field by putting into writing his own ideas as to the aims of the school as they have gradually assumed shape in the course of five successive terms in this work.

We aim to offer a uniform course of study to the mission, providing a consecutive outline of work from term to term and combining if possible the good points of the six or seven different courses. We are now preparing such a course and hope that while made for those who will attend the language school it will give to those unable to attend as clear a guidance along the road of language study as the present outlines present with the advantage of newness and of being so related to the school that one who has followed it can, if opportunity offers, step into any term even if he has been unable to attend the sessions of the previous term.

We aim at a permanent language school. There have been times since the first term's work was held here in the spring of 1919 when it has been far from easy to keep it going. But it has been our firm belief that it must go on, so that in the minds of the missions and missionaries it might acquire that permanency which should lead to its being made permanent in all the factors that make up that work and not merely consecutive in time.

By a permanent school we mean a school with a definite policy, a determined standard both of teaching and scholarship, and an institution which shall demonstrate the fundamental importance of its place in any constructive scheme of mission work. These are

aims which are truly aims in the sense that as yet they are largely in the future, and while we have moved toward them we have still a long way to go. Nor indeed can they be accomplished unless the missions concerned recognize them as aims and cooperate actively in their achievement.

The recognition which we have already received, the powers entrusted by the Federal Council and several of the missions and the active help of busy men and women in the teaching, all these are encouraging and are steps in the right direction. But there is more; not only the work of the Language School but work in the Language School must be recognized and definite assignments made to it if we are to achieve and maintain a high standard of teaching. No one city, even such a centre of mission work as Seoul, can provide all the teachers for even the present 60 hours a week of teaching and have it up to a uniform standard of excellence. In the student body of the school during the term which has just closed there were representatives of eight missions and three other societies. Over fifty studied in the school and about 46 took the examination at the end of the term. Most of these both wish and expect to return next fall, but of the eight foreigners who taught in the school this spring three will be on furlough in the fall. Somehow the school will go on but the effect of losing three teachers is easy to imagine. Had all the older missionaries attended a language school in their day the teacher problem for the present school would be less acute but we all knew that ten years residence shown in the prayer calendar does not prove ability to teach the newcomer. If we are to be a permanent and integral part of mission work we must be helped first and foremost in this part of the work. The development of a system for helping the backward and guiding the prodigies, the standard-

ization of course and grades, the relations of the school with the mission language committees so that it will be of the most use in helping their new members, a home for the school and many more similar things will come later but first we must have the teachers.

We aim to give three full years of two terms each, thus carrying six classes all the time. Four is the most we have been able to handle so far but six is our aim.

We aim to prove to the missions that it pays to give the new comers time for language work in the school straight through the three years rather than to steal a year or a year and a half at the beginning of their careers and have half-dumb workers for the entire period of their time on the field. The writer has been told that two of the largest firms doing business in China give three full years at full salary to the acquiring of the language. If it pays them in cash surely it will pay us in the results for which we work.

We aim to encourage the missionary body as a whole to bring itself more and more into touch with the everyday life of the people among whom we work; to know the words they say when they talk of things that don't concern either church discipline or school

courses and thus to be more one with them.

We aim to be a sort of clearing house in the changing and growing period of the language when so many of us who passed our third year examination not so long ago find ourselves lost in the opening words of a modern Korean speaker.

We aim—but then, most of these are vague hopes and distant ideals rather than practical aims. Just now we aim to get enough help to keep going.

But these things are all possibilities even if you will not admit them to the class of definite aims of today. Possibilities soon to be actualities if the Boards and Missions and the men and women who compose them will but remember that the year planted in language study will bear twice as much fruit as the one which is dug up to see how it is growing and then replanted in a hard soil before it has strength in its roots to maintain a hold.

A catch phrase rings in my ears as I think of the Aims and Possibilities of School work "Realize the Ideal by Idealizing the Real". Let's make that part of our work which we have started more ideal and then we will be in a position to realize some of these Ideals.

Work Among Young Men.

BY J. O. J. TAYLOR.

Mutt lost his mule, and searched for him a good while. He gave it up and called for Jeff. Jeff found him in a few minutes. Mutt asked how it was done, and Jeff replied,

"I just imagined I was a mule, and went, where I thought a mule would go and there he was".

So when the writer was appointed to work among the young men in the city of Wonsan. he resorted not to experts but to Bud Fisher. I imagined that I was a Korean young man and asked myself what I wanted. Then I tried to give that very thing to the young men.

But first of all there must be a "wedge". It is no hard job to tell what that wedge is in Korea—or the whole East for that matter. Just whisper "English Class" and they will flock. So I have first of all used my English Class as a wedge with which to open the way. I have gathered a few suggestions here and there and am in the midst of trying to work them out. This article will be therefore simply a statement of those things that I am trying out—not of things that I know for a certainty.

Let us deal first with the English Class. I advertised well, and made all students file a

written application. I reserved the right to turn down any application without giving the reason. Some men who were known to be "row raisers", I turned down cold. Some others who refused to obey the rules of the school were suspended till they did conform. My first suggestion then would be this. Let it be known that your school is a place for good hard work, and that the man who will not work and work according to your rules cannot attend. This will give you a good class of men and will place you where you can command your work. The secret of the thing is that they want English so bad that they will obey your rules in order to get it.

My second point is this:—Have a chapel service every time you meet, not just a prayer, but a regular service—song, scripture, exhortation, prayer, doxology and benediction. Take in the whole thing. My mind changed in this matter completely. I used to think a few months ago, "Go slow and preach to them after a while". But I am sure that was a mistake. *Call for new believers the very first night that you meet.* Let your study periods provide an ample time for chapel. I allow 30 minutes every night and use it all to good advantage every time. In other words let it be known from the very beginning that the object is a direct evangelistic drive at the young men. Some will stay away—and you will be better off without them. The ones who are in earnest will come and you will win them. When I first started here I had to almost suspend one man for slipping out during chapel. One night as he was going out I collared him, and told him that if he did that again, there would be nothing for him in the way of study any more. That was two months ago. Now he is the proud possessor of a mixed script Testament, an English Bible and a song book. I put in Moffett's or Weymouth's Testament as a part of our course. I have a class at work on it now and they are enthusiastic. Extend cordial invitations to come out to church. To sum it up. Your English Class will give you an evangelistic opportunity at the finest young

men of your city. Then use that advantage to 100 per cent.

Have your school so arranged that all your class rooms can be thrown together for chapel. Put money into it if necessary. Then put fees to it and get our money back. It will instil in the men the idea of self support. "Pay for what you get because you are able to pay, and it is worth paying for" will soon be their rule.

From the English Study and the Evangelistic Work I am trying to get at two more things, viz. social life, and athletics. The first is a hard proposition and I surely know very little about how to bring social life to the Koreans as it should be. An older missionary could do much better on this line. But I have tried the following with good results. I have used music, of which the Koreans are very fond, to get the wedge in. I use an organ, singing, and especially the Victrola. About once a month I invite the missionaries, ladies and men, and children down to the school and we have a musical program and try as far as possible to reproduce a little of Western home life there before their eyes. Then I take them to my home as often as I can get them to come—not as a school but individually.

Athletics, then, form a good part of the work and they help you to reach a good class of men. The other day I was introduced to a prominent Japanese here in one of the Shipping Offices. When I was introduced he smiled and said in good English, "Yes he is the man that threw me out at second last year". We have been fine friends since, and he has rendered me quite a good bit of service in one way and another.

Last year when I was appointed to this class of work, one of the missionaries asked me, "Do you think it will pay". I replied "I do not know". That night I was in Conference with Bishop Lambuth and he told me about the work of this nature in Japan. He said to me "I expect that the Palmore Institute in Kobe has turned more men into the church there than any other force they have had". That

night I met the missionary and I told him, "It will pay".

But to make it pay will require many things. It must be the first and main work of a missionary who believes in the work. Many of the young men will come only to get English and will seem to be of no value, but it was, according to Luke, "a young man named Saul" that being first won from a life of opposition, spread the Gospel. The results from this

work do not show up as readily as from the country evangelistic work—but the results are worth working for, as has been amply proved.

So far as rules are concerned, I have but one. Take what the Koreans *want* as far as you can give it to them, and use it as a means to get to their hearts so that you may give them what they *need*—which need is a strong Christian young manhood.

Uncensored Literature.

(A NARRATIVE OF FACT)

Christmas cards and picture postals (even second-hand ones) are much appreciated on the mission field. Those received from America are put into circulation as Sunday School cards and sometimes, with slight transforming touches, as warmed-over seasonal each greetings. They pass from hand to hand on succeeding Christmas but their use is not always free from complications.

The man who called to see us the day after Christmas was in a state of mind. His agitation was evident. He did not begin with the times of the early Korean kings and gradually work up into his subject but he dived in abruptly as one to whom time was un-orientally precious and to whom urgency of business permitted no shivering on the brink.

"Elder Born," he said inquiringly "There is a custom among Westerners of sending picture cards at the Holy Birth Season?" "There is." "Elder Born doubtless knows that this custom has lately arisen among us also?" "I have understood it to be so." Then somewhat breathlessly he spoke again. "I also have received picture cards from certain ones but the inscriptions are all in English. Will the Elder Born condescend to explain the picture?" He laid aside his hat and drew from between the pages of his Testament a Sunday School card. A glance was sufficient. "This appears to be a picture of the angel leading Peter out of

prison. So far as my experience with angels goes it appears to be accurately drawn. Is it not according to Scripture?" "Very good" he said, "And this?" He drew out a second card and passed it with a perfectly inscrutable expression. "Surely this is nothing other than Paul exhorting his companions in the shipwrecked vessel on the way to Rome. Observe the billows and the wreckage. You are not familiar with the ocean but this is clearly a boat and the man there is the Apoatle Paul. As to the Scripture verses inscribed below....." He interrupted, again with un-Oriental neglect of etiquette. "Very good." he said, "And this?" "You have received many greetings," we ventured pleasantly "There is no inscription on this card. It is not a scripture card. It appears to be merely the picture of a very pretty young lady as we Westerners regard beauty. It is an attractive card." "Very good." He fixed me with a penetrating eye. "What is the hidden meaning of all these cards?" "Hidden meaning? I don't get you. These are Christmas Greetings. Is not "Holy Birthday, Respectful Salutations" written on the back of that pretty lady card in your own language with an ink brush. I am very ignorant of the written character but I can guess at that much." "Pastor," he said "Think deeply. Consider my situation. To the Elder Born's

knowledge is it more than two months since I came out of prison after suffering many things for many months on political charges? Am I not, like Peter, saved from destruction by a miracle? Does not this card point at me? And this second card, who is suffering shipwreck if not I? Elder Born will remember how recently wife and mother and child left the world within a short space of time. This kind of thing happens to all men but is not my house under constant espionage and suspicion? What is this but shipwreck? And this third card, is it not a marriagable lady's picture? A babe might understand the parable. Is the Elder Born ignorant that my friends are making sport of me by reason of the fact that though I have been out of prison two months I have not yet been able to secure a new wife? Surely someone who knows my circumstances well is sending me these cards to make fun of me. Look at this."

I gasped! Surely this card had escaped the State Board of Censors for missionary postcards. Here was portrayed a portly hen, arrayed in a diminutive, lady's bonnet, pink and ridiculous, vainly attempting to hatch a chick from a porcelain door knob and beneath it this inscription. "May the chicken never be hatched that will scratch upon your grave." One could see at a glance that there was trouble ahead alike for allegorist and exegete. Drowning men catch at straws. "This person wishes you long life," I ventured hastily. "Will the Elder Born read the card?" he said gravely.

I glanced at him quickly. Did he know what he meant, already? I must translate truly. Missionaries must always tell the truth. Besides he might have a smattering of English! I attempted a translation. There was no answering gleam of intelligence in his eye. (Try to translate that inscription, yourself, if you think it is easy.) I hastily ventured a paraphrase. Still his face was blank. "Will the Elder Born please repeat" he said plaintively. I translated literally.

"Pastor, why should a chicken scratch upon my grave?" Quite so. To be sure. Why

should it?" What idiot ever designed that card? Who would think that one brief sentence could possibly contain so much that required explanation!

"Pastor, do American hens have a custom of sitting upon door knobs?" (The question introduced the whole mysterious subject of nest-eggs but this was no time to go into a frivolous discussion like that.) "Well, no. Not exactly," we reply cautiously. "You see a hen could'n't hatch anything from a door knob. It expresses the idea of impossibility." "Impossibility? Ah, then I understand. When the Elder Born spoke of the grave and the scratchings it seemed to mean that one would die early and that his grave would be evilly desecrated but Elder Born says it means 'impossibility.' That is a hen, is it not, a female of the species? (Of course he didn't know that he was quoting Kipling!) I see it all now. The mystic meaning is the same. No mate for me. I cannot get married. My friends are making merry over my misfortunes. Turn the card over."

Mechanically I obeyed. I was getting weak from suppressed emotion and like Joseph sought a place to be alone.....not to weep however. On the face of the postal (for this was none of your' common Sunday School cards) to conceal the former address and stamp and postmark the kindly donor had thoughtfully pasted a picture cut from "Life." It was another picture with poultry-yard connotation, a picture of a despondent rooster who had evidently been reading too much Schopenhauer, leaning up against a post and saying "Yesterday an egg. Tomorrow a feather duster. What's the use?" The plot thickens. The brain reels. A grave voice recalls one as from a far distance. "Will the Elder Born condescend to translate?" "This?" "Oh this means that the life of a chicken is brief and unsatisfactory." "Is the idea perhaps connected with the grave and the scratchings of the former picture?" We were on thin ice. Explanations were inadequate and appearances were all in favor of the all

legorical interpretation, in this land where Confucianism has laid such significance upon life and death and the grave. "Not in the least. This also is a chicken picture and it seemed appropriate to put them together. A westerner would regard this as humorous." "These words about yesterdays and tomorrows and an egg and a bunch of feathers are mysterious and hard to understand but the general thought is plain. A rooster on one side and on the other a hen, the word of impossibility and the despondency of the he-chicken....is it not plain to Elder Born how that they are making fun of me? What is written there with a pen?" Quite so what is written? I had hoped that he had failed to notice that. Across the face of the card was written in a feminine hand.

"Dear Sorrowful, Are these your sentiments? They are not mine. Yours, Happiness."

Here at least was a ray of hope. It offered a way out after all. "The original sender of the card meant to tell his friend that he disagreed with the rooster and that he personally thought that life *is* worth living." I said it in cheerful confidence, over confidence in fact. "Was it the writing of the person who sent the card to me?" He said quickly. "There are those among my acquaintance who have skill to shape the foreign letter signs." "Oh, no. No Oriental could write that way. Besides that is a lady's writting." This was a slip instantly repented. "Is it customary for Western ladies to send cards mentioning the laying of eggs and undignified scratchings

upon graves? But be that as it may is it not strange that all these cards should have come to me in one day, all fitting my condition with miraculous accuracy? But if the Elder Born assures me that my friends had no evil thought, nor yet were mocking me I will 'lay down my mind' and go in peace." "Oh! Of a surety." we hasten to say. "This is Christmas time when all are happy. These cards were sent you with a joyful mind to make you forget your difficulties, not to remind you of them. Consider only the absurdity of these fowls' talking and be comforted with the Scripture cards."

He reached for his hat, closed his Testament and rose to go "And yet there is the picture of the marriagable lady," he said and then "Do hens in the Western world wear little hats?" No. Go in peace." So he went but not in peace I saw in spite of his cheerful words and mine for as he went out the door he said "Tomorrow a feather duster... how could the he-chicken know it would be so?"

Probably it would be better not to have the postal cards censored after all. All of our friends out here are not so devoid of a sense of humor as this one specimen. Far from it indeed. But consider how many things common place to us require careful explanation and how many little things may have a wholly unintended significance. We would like to thank the unknown sender of that particular card. It gave us a happy hour....in retrospect. And there may be other such to come. Only "tomorrow a feather duster" maybe, who knows?



1894-1921. Then and Now by C. D. Morris.

It is always of interest, when you have definite data, to compare the present with the past and note the changes that have taken place during the years, and the reasons for such. A recent visit to the town of Yung Choon in North Choong Chung Province on the Southern branch of the Han River has moved me to write a short description of that town as seen by a famous traveller in 1894, and by me on two recent visits. One of the most interesting sections in Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop's "Korea and Her Neighbours" is Chapter Eight, entitled Natural Beauty-The Rapids, in which she describes the river trip from the town of Tang Yan up to Yung Choon, and her experiences while visiting that town which was then a county seat, but for a number of years past has been but the head of a township of the enlarged Tan Yang county. Mrs. Bishop speaks of that section of the river as being the most beautiful. She describes the great limestone cliffs, fantastic gorges, and the rapids. She speaks of one cave with an entrance arch of 43 feet in height, admitting to a vault considerably higher, with a roof of stalagmites. She says that she explored that cavern for three hundred and fifteen feet and then had to return for lack of light. She also makes note of a natural bridge or arch, one hundred and twenty seven feet high and thirty feet wide. As far as I have heard this is the only one of such dimensions in Korea. The Rev. F. S. Miller, who accompanied Mrs. Bishop on that journey, has also written a very good description of that scenery in The Korean Repository for February 1896. He says that it was the finest that he had seen up to that time in Korea, and specially mentions the cave and natural bridge. When going through that part of the country last year I missed these two sights by taking a short cut over the hills, but I expect to have the pleasure of a good look at them on my next journey from Tan Yang

to Yung Choon. This section of the country will always have a charm for those who love fine scenery. Near Yung Choon, on top of one of the mountains, is an ancient fortress, which Mr. Miller notes seems to antedate the fortress of Nam Han and Puk Han.

Mrs. Bishop's description of the visit to the magistracy in Yung Choon is spicy, and the reception by the officials was of such a character that Mrs. Bishop tritely remarks "this was my last visit to a Korean yamen." When returning through the town she was treated so roughly by one of the crowd that Mr. Miller had to come to her rescue in a rather vigorous manner. Mrs. Bishop notes that the town had a population of 1,500 people. It is now very much smaller, and when I investigated the cause I found that it was one of the towns that suffered so much during the "eui pyung" (righteous army) disturbances of 1896 and 1897. Many of the houses were then burned and the empty sites show that they have never been rebuilt.

From the time of Mrs. Bishop's visit until I went there in May of last year, as far as I can learn no other foreigner has visited the place, except that about ten years ago, the people say, a foreign man slept one night in the neighbouring village on the river bank. They say they are sure he was not a missionary. I did not ask why they reached this conclusion.

When I visited Yung Choon in May of last year I was met a couple of miles out of town by a group of Christians, and received one of the most cordial welcomes I have enjoyed for a number of years. The work here is quite new, and up to that time the believers had met in the house of a well to do widow lady, who has proven herself to be a veritable mother in Israel. The evening I preached on her large porch, which was crowded with people as well as a large number standing in the yard, it reminded me of the days in north Korea almost twenty years ago, when

the missionary used to visit the interior towns.

My next visit was made last month, and during the intervening time a beautiful little church has been erected. It is roofed with Japanese tile, and is a real credit to the town, being easily the most attractive building in the place. I spent several days there, holding a class, and on the Sunday I dedicated the new building. This fine consummation was made possible through the consecration and self sacrifice of the good lady I have mentioned. There was a large attendance at the dedication, and the head man of the township spoke of the good will of the people, and their pleasure that at last Yung Choon had a Christian church. For a small town I do not think that I have ever seen so many children. There is a rare chance for Sunday School work. The day I came away one of the good brethren handed me seventy yen with which to purchase a bell. They also have money provided for the bell tower and for a stove. As we came

away we were accompanied to the river by the brethren, as the town being located in a bend of the river whichever direction you go out you must cross in the boat. After the goodbyes were said the good folks tarried while we crossed the wide river, and again we waved goodbye. Such is Christian fellowship. As I looked back at the old town I could not help but think of the days when Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Miller made that visit. Then these good people were thought of as strangers and to a certain extent barbarians. Now the missionary received a welcome of the most kindly and considerate treatment from all. Yung Choon is now one of the places to visit and be sure of a good time, and although it is two days journey from Wonju, and you must travel in the old fashioned way, your weariness will soon be forgotten in the gladness of the welcome that you will receive from a Christian community which has much of the simple spontaneity of Apostolic days.

How a Church was Built in Korea.

BY F. W. CUNNINGHAM

Pansung congregation wanted a new church. Sometimes on special occasions part of the congregation has been overflowing into the yard. And besides, the old building was wanted for the little day school they were starting for the village children.

Finally the local church leader said, "What you church people give I'll double"—and then things began to happen.

One family gave the rice they had planned to live on for the next three months.

One man gave the ox he did his farming with.

Two men gave their fields—all their property.

Four women gave their engagement rings. They were married long since, but that does not at all take the sacrifice out of their gift.

One man gave his house. Then came his wife, quietly, with her best dress, apologizing because she had nothing else to give.

A boy away from home in service—"in another's house" as they say in Korea—with nothing of his own—offered one third of his meager pay for a year.

Last and yet not least, came the children. . . . One was going to dig wild vegetables and sell them, and so fulfil her little promise. Another said she wanted to give some money she had picked up—and came forward solemnly and laid with the rest of the gifts and promise the sum of 3 cash, which makes a little more than one seventh of a penny.

Total, 466 Yen. Add to the same that from the leader according to his promise, and the grand total reaches 932 Yen. . . . As Korean church architecture goes this £100 or so will do great things.

"The abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

A Country Trip.

BY LURA McLANE SMITH.

Dear friends :—

I'm having my first breathing moment in two weeks. Two Sundays ago just as we were eating dinner (Dr. Smith being here for over Sunday) twenty two boys and girls and women came in from across the river. The new year season was on when it is the custom to call upon one's teachers. It is also the custom to receive something in the way of refreshments. Peanuts, bread and tea suffice. I thought they were stowing away a good many plates of bread but in church later I found that some had been destined for future consumption. We all went down to church together, even Baby Mac. He disgraced himself by making eyes (and faces too) at the prettiest Korean girl I've seen. She was in for a sight-see, so she enjoyed Mac's attentions.

The new pastor was installed and the services were long. Then we had our own church service followed by supper and a sing. Along with the piano Mrs. Crothers brought out a lot of anthems and we sang such things as "Seek Ye the Lord," "Je Deum" "Praise Ye the Lord" etc. It is a relaxation for the music lovers and a liberal education for the children.

I've a good joke on myself about supper. Mrs. Crothers had been over the night before to borrow some cocoa for the supper. She said to get it at my leisure next day but I said oh, I knew just where it was and could get it in the dark. So I brought out a cocoa can all right but next day she found it contained sage !

For leisure work during the week I got three cart loads of books and our library and living room furniture off to Taiku. I had to see that each place where the ropes touched the furniture sufficient pads were inserted to prevent rubbing. Dr. Smith said they went through in good shape. They were man power carts. Saturday, bright and early I packed up the children's Sunday clothes and got them off to

Winn's. At ten o'clock the great adventure began—my first country trip. Mrs. Crothers, a Korean woman and I entrusted ourselves to the mercy of a hackman, and to his springless box of a bus and his horse who had but two speeds—one a very slow walk and the other a mad gallop or rather a stiff legged hop like a jack rabbit. When he got started it was well nigh impossible to stop him; in turning a corner down town he was brought to a dead stop by jamming his nose on the corner of our meat market. Such a little thing as a ditch was beneath his notice and after a mile or so we begged for mercy. We didn't mind the bounding up and down so much but when we were up in the air and expecting the usual bump, it was disconcerting to be tumbled in a heap to the front as we were bumped down in a ditch and before we could grab anything, to be hurled backward as our steed mounted to the road again ! You see the affair was built for six and we only half filled it. It was a relief to stop for a half hour while the beast refreshed his inner being. We showed our picture rolls to a group of sight seers so the time was well spent.

Wonderful valley, hill and boulder views claimed our attention in the few lucid moments we had when the horse was winded. There were no large villages, only a few scattered groups of houses, until we reached the county seat of Yea-an. Going through the main street with a flourish—tin horn tooting, wheels rattling over the rocks, dogs barking, boys yelling—we barked trees first on one side and then on the other and just as we started to cross a stream we struck either a rock or the end of the foot log for down we came with a bump. The driver couldn't find the wheel for a moment as it was in the water. He couldn't find the pin at all so a stick of wood sufficed for the few rods more of our journey over the stream and round a hill when

there lay Manchon. The church is a neat white walled building like the Andong one except for size. Its white walls against the dull hillside tell to all who go by and can read its message, of the purity and brightness of the Christians' lives against their background of sin and superstition.

Our hostess came out to greet us and we were shown into the room Mr. Crothers occupies when he visits the church. All my Korean travel days had ended in dirty public houses where guests demanding a private room were unknown. When we arrived the family would seek other quarters but you can't imagine all the things, both animate and inanimate they left behind.

So it was with relief beyond words that we took possession of a lovely clean room. Chests occupied about 2×5 feet of space in one corner. The door into the inner courtyard taking the rest of the wall on that side. We had no cots but our rolls of bedding made fair seats, and when spread out there was just room for our oil stove and supplies in the space by the door. We were given a steaming bowl of rice at each meal so our own preparations were simple.

We arrived at 2 o'clock and in an hour were off preaching, Mrs. Crothers going up one valley while I circled around the other side of the hill, skirted the "eup" (county seat town) and went on to a group of houses beyond. Seven men in the neighborhood had become Christians while in prison but as yet their wives have not believed. It was principally to see these women that we made that trip of twenty miles.

We got promises from those we visited of church attendance next day but for fear they wouldn't go we went after them, the Korean woman and I. They were not ready and it took them so long to clean up that we led a group of thirteen into church just as the morning services were over. Our hostess, the helper's wife, invited them *all* in to dinner, so they were there for the afternoon service.

Mrs. Crothers and I took supper at the

home of a wealthy widow. The sister-in-law who speaks English having been a student and teacher in Ewa Girls' School in Seoul for sixteen years, was there too. Both have believed but have backsliden. The widow was actually worshipping at a shrine in her husband's apartments where food was placed before his picture. He had ten years study in Japan and China but came back with tuberculosis. He built a lovely home and had three years with his devoted wife before he died. She tried to commit suicide once and now sits in dirty clothes weeping all the day and saying she cannot live without him.

The brother was educated in Hastings College Nebraska, and came back to seek a second wife his first one had left a girl ten or twelve years old. With what high hopes this refined Seoul girl must have married him! Wealthy, educated, much travelled—all that she could desire! But the heathen father wouldn't build a nice home for her or buy her an organ or a piano and when her lovely twins were girls—horrors!—her husband turned against her and led a debauched life until she made a big fuss. He behaves better now but still she is not happy.

The father has several concubines. The mother sits weeping all day for her dead son and this refined girl, mother of twin babies, is house keeper in all that mess of relations. I wonder if all of you would have kept the faith?

Monday dawned clear and we started out to see the three women in the next valley whom we wanted to visit. Up over the mountain and down and emerging from the hills the most wonderful view met our eyes! Against a back ground of forest clad hills, the river swept around a curve and twisted and swirled among great black boulders. Across on a level plain a village nestled beside a circle of lofty pines guarding an ancestral tablet house and shrine. Up in a rift in the hills, row on row of guest rooms and courtyards sat humbly at the foot of the famous Yi clan Library.

In olden times scholars, came to live there

in order to study the many books. The building where the books had been made interested me most. The book plates were slabs of wood a foot or so wide by two feet long. With characters carved on either side blocks of wood were fastened on both ends to keep them from rubbing each other when piled up. In front were remains of the old ink pots, and brushes. The process of printing was simple merely brushing the ink over the characters and pressing the sheet of paper on them.

I left a copy of Luke's gospel with the caretaker saying that he had many books but that he lacked the one book needed, the best of all. We did not know just where our women lived but after a long walk, we found them. It was only five miles and over two passes from our starting point and it was snowing off and on, but we found them. But how our hearts ached for that village of Wun Chun as it lay before us. Great tiled houses under the brow of lofty hills with the river curving around the hill we were on which seemed to shut the door of this little pocket in the hills. Only one Christian in the village! He was converted in prison and is now in Andong studying in the Bible Institute. Pray with us that the wife may believe and his home become the nucleus

of a church.

Neither Mrs. Crothers nor I are hardened itinerators so we were glad to find our man and his beast at the place where we come out of the hills. After walking seven or eight miles over rocky, frozen roads we could stand a little jolting and besides there were six of us fitted in like sardines.

Dinner awaited us and then we were off for home. One woman and her son's wife had promised to go to church Sunday night. They were not there but Monday a letter came to me saying the father had refused to let them go. A wife of a prison believer had also failed to appear so as we were leaving I decided to stop and see them once more as they lived on the Andong side of Yea-an near the road. Both homes were well-to-do, the difference being that the husband in one was a believer and in the other it was the women folk who wanted to believe. In one the man urged his wife to go to church and believe; on the other the man refused his wife and daughter-in-law permission to go to church.

What we actually accomplished time only will tell but the trip in itself was a wonderful experience and we got a blessing from it out of all proportion to the outlay in time, energy or mere money.

Notes and Personals.

To the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane of the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Soon Chun, a son, John Curtis, was born on March 25.

A son, Joseph Hopper, Jr., was born on May 17, to the Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Hopper of the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Mokpo.

Dr. and Mrs. Robertson and child of the Southern Presbyterian Mission have left for the United States on furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hitch and family of the Southern Methodist Mission have left on furlough for the United States.

Miss Julia Dysart of the Southern Presbyterian Mission have left on furlough for the United States.

Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Welch and their daughter, Miss Eleanor, are staying Chosen Hotel until the last of June.

Rev. David Soltau and wife have arrived to the Northern Presbyterian Mission and are stationed at Pyeng Yang.

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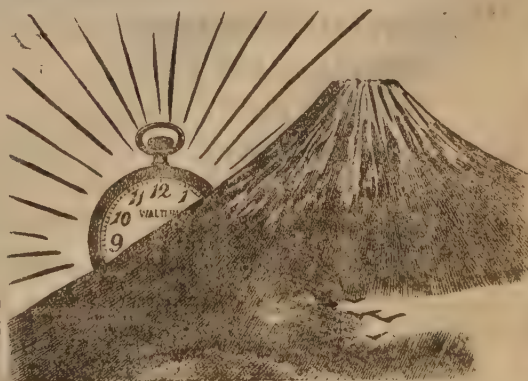
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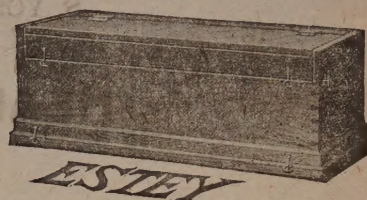
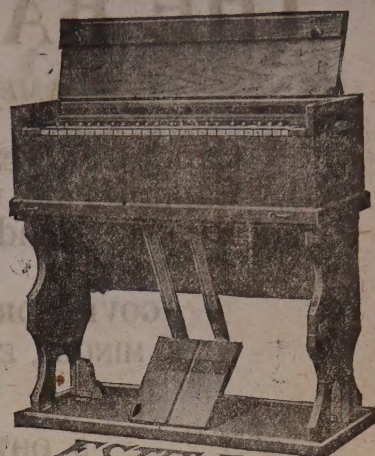
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Code: A. B. C. 5th Edition.

明治三十八年七月日第三種郵便物認可

(毎月一回一日發行)

發行所

京城鎮路朝鮮耶穌教書會

大正十年五月三十日印刷

發行人

京城鎮路朝鮮耶穌教書會

英國人

班馬

五

印刷所

京城鎮路中央基督青年會工業部印刷科印行

印刷所

京城鎮路中央基督青年會工業部印刷科印行